March 30th, 1797.

I have received my final instructions about Sir Sidney Smith. No *cartel* is to be established, unless he is put on his parole like any other prisoner; so that, probably, my mission is on the eve of its departure.

I am apprised of, and expect hourly, an order from the Directory to remove to the distance of ten leagues from Paris. Reubel has at length carried his point. I believe Fontainebleau is the place fixed upon. The Marine are outrageous about it, and have at least prevented the first idea of sending me quite away, which, from some calumny or other, was the intention of the Govern-ment. It is of consequence that I should remain, for the sake of the prisoners. I am to come back on the 20th of May, when the elections will be over* By that time the Directory may be softened con-cerning Sir Sidney; time is gained, and we know not what may turn up. The country air will do me good — I shall have time to *jasminer* and scribble to you. *Me voila comme toujours, Mon-sieur Tant mieux, ou l'Optimiste.*

April 4-th,
1797.

This letter goes by a *cartel* from Nantes. I
am setting out for Fontainebleau by order of the